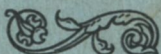


Beyond Sing the Seas

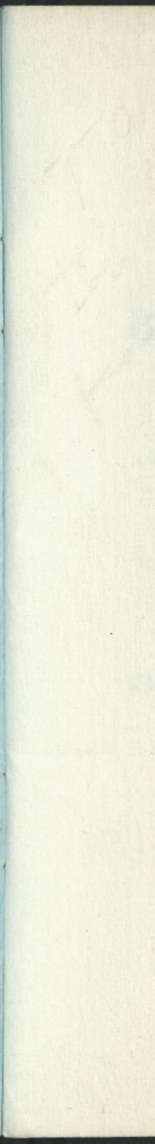
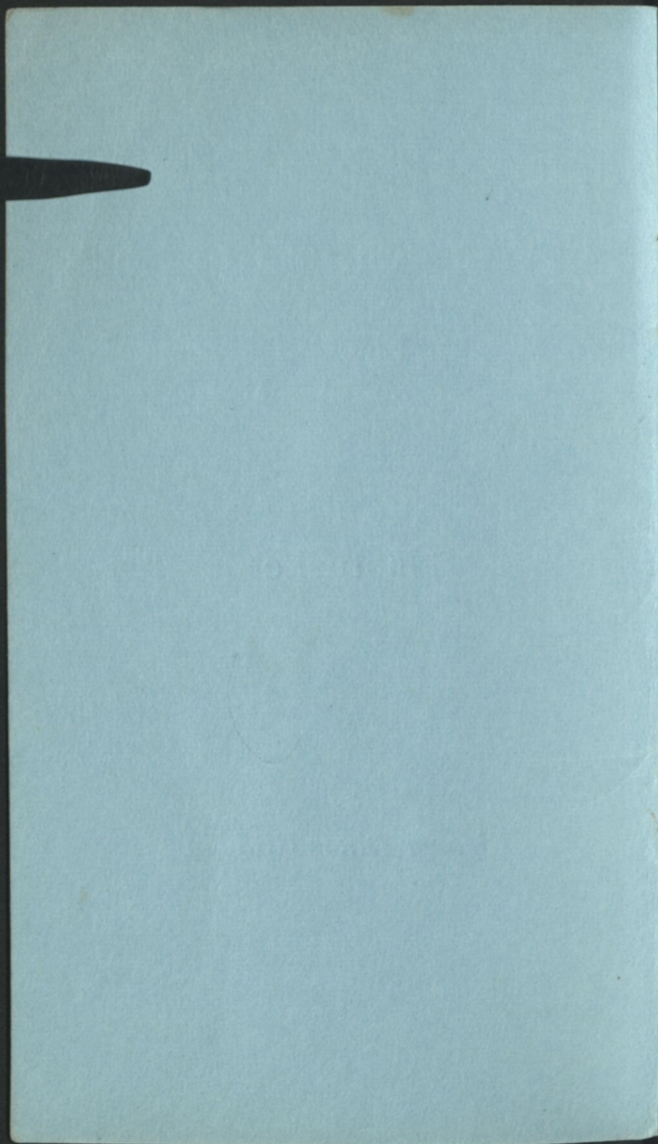


Poems of Nantucket



by

Eleanor Dixon Glidden



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The

Beyond Sing the Seas

A Collection of Island Songs

by

Eleanor Dixon Glidden

which have appeared in

The Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror

The Boston Herald

and

Yankee Magazine, Inc.

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Nantucket Is a Poem

Come in airborn, some sunny day.
Flowers will blow across the Bay,
In lovely 'Rainbow' flight.

Daubs of scarlet, green, and gold,
Thrown on palette beach will hold,
Diurnal 'Shades of light.'

Chiffon mists from foaming sea,
Will trim themselves on Sankoty,
With jewels bright.

If island blood is yours, my friend,
It magnetizes to the end,
The voyage you start.

My island is a poem — a song —
A living island, sweet and strong,
With tidy Quaker heart.

The Fog

Old Indian Legend.

Tall proud Redskins used to go
Many many moons ago
Undisturbed along Cape Cod —
Fishing without reel or rod
Hunting with the mighty bow.

Came one day a bird so vast
Like a cloud its shadow cast
On the silver sand.
Evil bird from distant land
Swooping downward as it passed

Carried all the babes away
Snatched them up and flew away.
All the Indians rose in wrath
Storming down the old war path
Cried "To Maushope we will pray."

"Maushope, Giant, strong and great —
Save our children from this fate
Search the sullen sea above
Save the children that we love
E'er it is too late."

Maushope
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'Til he
Reache
Called

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Filled
To rest
Pleased

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"Here
Maushope
To cele

Maushope splashed with angry stride
Out and through the surging tide
'Til he'd crossed the roaring sound
Reached Nantucket's lonely ground
Called the children to his side

Saved the children every one
And sitting down at set of sun
Filled his great big pipe with poke
To rest and have a quiet smoke
Pleased to know his task was done.

Ever since ('old timers' say)
When fog blows in Nantucket Bay,
"Here comes the Giant Indian's Smoke —
Maushope's pipe is full of poke —
To celebrate that fabled day."

The Oldest House

(1686)

They have all gone my people —
Their ships forgotten too,
And all the great and lusty days
We proudly swaggered through.

Days when this old roof of mine
Now sagging wearily
Welcomed with a kingly feast —
The Titans of the sea.

When Indian Chief and Merchant Prince
Together crossed my floor
And Jethro carved a great horse-shoe
To bless my open door.

I keep the vigils that they kept —
Facing toward the sea,
E'en though a ship will never come
Home again to me.

An old house is a lonely thing
To stand upon a hill
Crippled by the centuries —
Empty, sad, and still.







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Sing Bright Waters

Sing bright waters
Sing in the empty shell
Tell me my love fares well
Sing bright waters.

Sing bright waters
Sing to my love afar
Mirror his guiding star
Sing bright waters.

Sing bright waters
Tell him the winds are right
Speed the white sail tonight —
Sing bright waters.

The Quaker's House

I live in a house a Quaker built
On a flat sea-cradled land.
Where the homeless winds go trumpeting
by
Lashed by a whip of sand.

Where fogs roll in unheralded
Across the heath and broom —
Sullen and swift and smothering
Heavy with salty spume.

The business of life was the business of
ships

In hazardous yesterday
Oil for a lamp — tallow to mold
By the spout of a whale to say

Whether a life be saved or lost
Whether be starved or fed,
Or whether a quiet Quaker bowed
Humbly above his dead.

I light my fire on a Quaker's hearth
At night when the cold blows high,
And warmed by his peaceful Quiet faith
Let the brawling world go by.

Bra
Seel
You
Tha
Lon
And
Slak
And
You
The
Frag
From

Long Pond

Braken fern and browsing deer
Seek your deep and brooding peace —
Your calumet transcending fear
That marks the butterflies' release.
Long pond that mirrors the blue heron,
And holds the lonely stars at night —
Slakes the thirst of startled fawn
And folds the pointed petals tight;
You're the waters of all wisdom —
The 'still water' of the moor
Fragment of a lost 'green kingdom'
From primeval days of yore.

Main Street Bench

"You can see the Island —
the whole island—
in an hour or so —
take a car and ride
all over it.
what's there to it?
scrub pine — sand —
not half enough land;
and who are the 'Moors'?
where do they live?
all I hear —
have you seen the 'Moors'?
what a stupid place
good-by now
I'm off
for the mainland"
he shut his mouth hard
upon his words.
He didn't expect
the old lady to answer
but she did —
"How dull you'll find
Eternity"
she said.

A swish
The rustle
Look up
Swinging
Formation
Toward

Migration

A swish overhead in a still Fall night.
The rush of wings in a Southward flight.
Look up. There they go. A squadron troop
Swinging along a windy loop
Formation perfect — with jaunty swoop —
Toward the Talisman of light.

Nantucket

My beloved is an Island, and I, the Pirate
Sea,

Bring her robes of softest amber, filaments
of sorcery.

My salt fingers clasp her throat with the
ruby sunset light,

Witch and woman, sweet enchantress,
prisoned for my heart's delight.

My beloved is an Island, and I, the Pirate
Sea

Keep her captive, fair and lonely, captive
of the Pirate Sea.

I fill her arms with roses, when the June
moon's riding high.

I ring her dark with sapphire, for a
Buccaneer am I.

I storm her fragrant moorland with my
strength of salty love,

Forever and forever, while the white gulls
wheel above.

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My Own Brave Dinghy

I shall launch my own brave dinghy —
Christen it with joyful bubbles,
Rig a little sail to speed it
Through the shining sea.

I can't wait for Galleon docking
Which may hold no pearl for me
I shall hoist a poesy pennant,
And go sailing merrily.

"I Am Sankoty Light"

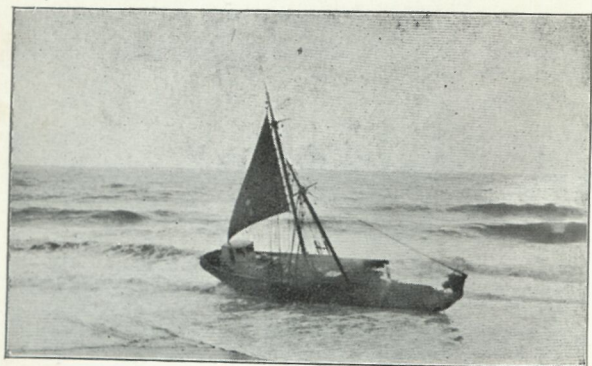
"I AM SANKOTY LIGHT"

The walls of an old Candle House
Cherish and shelter
The beauty of me
I am old, if age be —
Flashed — a century —
Hope to the storm tossed
Prayer to the lost
And home to the whaler
In prisms of light.

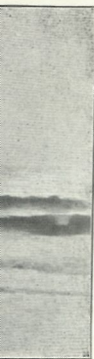
The ghosts of proud mariners
Come every night
Through gathering gloom
To this shadowy room
Close — close — to me,
And lest I be lonely
They talk of the sea
'Til I wake and remember
And drench them with light.
"I AM SANKOTY LIGHT."







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Lost Ships

Where are the ships of yesteryear?
A great ship has a soul.
Wrecks of old ships, blanched and sere —
Tossed upon a savage shoal
Are vacant shells, so gaunt and drear.
Alive and free the tall ships steer
Their course beyond the stars.
Beyond the last horizon bars
They storm through all eternities
Of emerald green and sapphire seas,
With clouds of canvas billowing
In strength and beauty towering —
The God of wind and flying foam
Brings the lost ships safely 'home.'

New England Churches

The churches of New England
Like crisp white lilies stand
Bright on wooded hillsides,
Sturdy by the tides.

Some etched against a lonely sky
With shining crosses, beacon high
Some settled prim and smartly down
Upon a sleepy little town.

Their calm and sweet simplicity
Was born in our first Colony;
And still like immortelles they stand
The little churches of our land.

The sail
Long ag
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Rainbow
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Arbutus
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Tops a
Petals b
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Oh voya
Wear m

Nantucket's Flowers

The sail that sought the Seventh Sea —
Long ago brought home to me
Many seeds from many lands
Rainbows from the myriad lands.
Scottish broom in golden glee
Trims the path to Sankoty.
Vivid tweed my heathland heather —
Loves an Island's variant weather,
And the pungent bay-berry,
New England pewter, lives with me.
Arbutus trails along the moor,
And lady slippers, pink, demure,
In sandy hollows, everywhere —
Shyly greet the salty air.
Hot summer lights the lily's flame
And brings my rose to common fame —
My rambler rose, it climbs the wall
Drapes the door step, runs to call —
Tops a chimney, taps a window
Petals bright and gorgeously
My island garden in the sea.
Long ago brought home to me
All beauty came to live with me
Oh voyager when you depart —
Wear my flowers in my heart.

The Islands

I sing of islands girded by
Seas of dream and topped by sky —
Tropic isles where rainbows grow —
Frozen isles of glacial snow.

Islands with the twisted shore
That the hurricane adore
Islands sweet with fern and pine
Where the saving Beacons shine.

Islands that are dark and low
Pirate island hard to know
Buried deep beneath the sand —
Spotted gold in phantom hand.

For good or evil islands wait
Where the changing tides dilate
And the drowned sails rise again
In the hearts of island men.

The afternoon
blue

Waiting for
To blossom
And from green
cool

Drift the white
sun

Drenched with
And night's
brim.

Blue Evening

The afternoon is gone and the sky is a
blue pool

Waiting for the star flowers of the night
To blossom on her waves of turquoise night,
And from gates beyond the seas sweet and
cool

Drift the winds, carrying clouds the dying
sun

Drenched with crimson. Day is done
And night's goblet fills with silence to the
brim.

Ballade to Nantucket Winter

Ah, leave the summer, let the roar
Of winter battle with the shore
And mold the wet gray beach
With Titan hands that reach
Above the tossed gull's screech
Above the snow capped mountains of the
 sea.
Let the cold arms of winter encircle the
 moor
And take back Nantucket, exultant and
 free.
The ghost of Wauwinet returns from the
 dead
To walk his beloved moorland with
 moccasined tread
The savage north wind lifts its wild keening
 cry
For he grieves that his people forgotten
 must lie;
And the white snow is scudding a sail
 through the sky.
Peace to you Wauwinet — the great Spirit
 smiles
The Indians' shores know the names of his
 Isles
Nantucket, Muskeget, and Tuckernuck
 sands
Hold the sad broken arrows of your
 plundered lands,

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And the fame of Winona still hallows the
dunes

Through the waxing and waning of
thousands of moons.

There's a barque from Brazil with a
tortured spar

That's waiting to hurdle the ice-locked bar
And the phantom sails of centuries' ships
Are feeling their way past the treacherous
'Rips'

Oh, rich and proud was a sea-girt town
When Quaker and merchant with high
piracy

Captained her sails across the sea
And a mauled leviathan poured his gold
Over the cobbles it rumbled and rolled
Ambergris — flame — and — ivory
When a mansion's 'Walk' was a Captain's
crown

And a bent harpoon hauled history
From Nantucket Sound to the Seventh Sea.

Forget now the rose, close the door.
There's a rainbow light on a driftwood floor
That comes to bloom in that twilight hour
When the ghostly logs from the Madaket
sand

Roar into life and whistle with glee
From the hearth to the ship that has gone
to sea

And the shadows turning in dark saraband
Will twist to the shape of a far away land.

The Whale

(Old Nantucket)

The Captain must take the tall ship out,
And many the sea she'll roam —
Before the gallied whale's red spout
Will 'blow' the churning foam.

The mate must bring the tall ship home
When the livid cauldrons cold.
And the great sail strains to heaven's
dome —
Above her barreled gold.

Barrels and barrels of oily gold
Will be mined in the try-fire's glare
'Til the long trick's done, and the story
told —

And the homeward winds blow fair.

On a Captain's walk the loved ones wait —
They have waited years for this —
For a slaughtered whale that holds their
fate

And a half remembered kiss.

There's
Such vas
How can
To touch

There's So Much Sky

There's so much sky goes with an island
Such vast lone reaches of eternal space —
How can one understand — who fears —
To touch God's face?

Prospect Hill at Sunset

Fingering the hallowed
quiet hill
with long bright shafts
of light —
lingering to twist
with gold
the rising mist
of eventide,
the crimson sun
sets slowly —
loath to leave
this blessed hill —
until God will
to light
His first fair star
of night —
beacon high
above the darkening sea.
this is God's acre-age —
not death's
this is eternally
by star —
and sunset blest —
where His 'travelers'
'Rest.'

The cat-o-ni
Grown color
And to keep
Wears a flu

There's a g
On a twist
Of a house
Like a pira
He raucous
At the thic
With a bitt

Winter

The cat-o-nine-tail has grown old
Grown colorless and quiet, almost dead,
And to keep from freezing —
Wears a fluffy tam-o-shanter on her head.

There's a gull with only one leg
On a twisted old chimney top
Of a house that is shuttered and dark.
Like a pirate of old with his peg.
He raucously screams
At the thickening fog
With a bitterness wantonly stark.

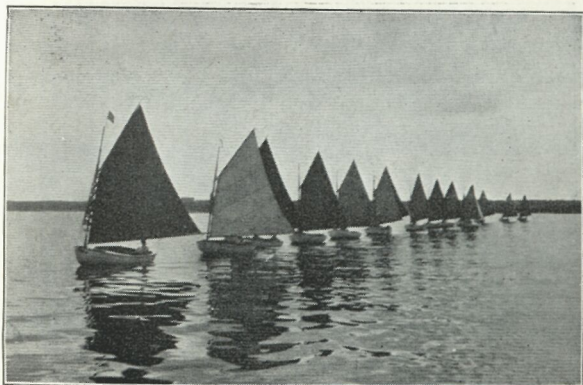
The Rainbow Fleet

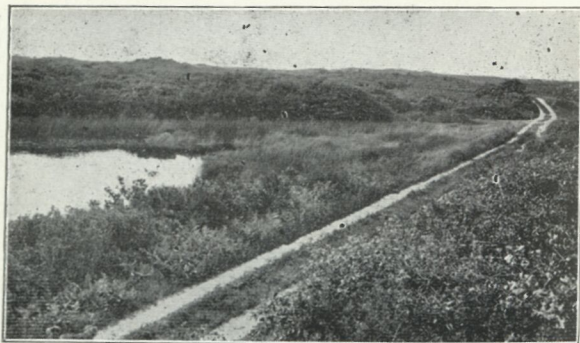
Harlequin sails are racing along
Tilting bright and free
Against the push of a gossamer breeze
On a diamond studded sea.

The skippers that sail the elfin boats
Are young and bronzed and gay
As they guide the wings of their butterflies
Through the goal of a summer's day.

And a lot of the keen sweet magic
These tired days have lost
Comes scudding across a turquoise wave
In the wake of a 'rainbow' tossed.







The M

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That cradles
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With riot of
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That heaven
moors

The Moors of Nantucket



These rolling lonely moorlands are like
unto the sea,
That cradles them and talks to them and
loves them lustily.
With tides of grass they foam in Spring
to flow eternally
In waves of white and gold and green
against a twisted tree;
The twisted tree that thrusts a thorn, and
wears a blossom too —
Escutcheoned rest for homing wing —
wind torn along the blue.
The pool that holds the fragrant lily on
its cool and tranquil breast,
And lures the stately Great Blue Heron to
its quietude and rest,
And mirrors the brief glitter of the
dragon-fly's fey quest —
Is the pool the shy and graceful deer know
well, and love the best —
And no land but this heathland, this
island earth, can know
Such wondrous magic carpeting for here
the mayflowers grow
In such a sweet pervasion that the tawny
ground doth glow
With riot of rainbow color — —and surely
it must be —
That heaven itself is scented — like the
moors of Sankaty.

The Little Gray Lady

There's a little gray lady
Who lives in the sea.
They call her Nantucket —
She's waiting for me.

The blackbird is sporting
A red epaulet
A white gull is wheeling
I do not forget.

A magnolia's opening
I know the Scotch Broom
Is gleefully sweeping
The moor's giant room.

Deep tulips are cupping
The wine of the sun,
And all the bright living
Of summer's begun.

There's a little gray lady
Who lives in the sea
They call her Nantucket —
She's waiting for me.

Thin New Moon

Diamond pointed scimiter
Swinging high
Thin new moon —
Cutting sky —
There's nothing kind about you
Curved light
Sharply cruel you are
Riding night
A frightened star shivering
At the point of your blade's
Descending —
Thin new moon.

Hurricane

The helpless flash of panic
Flung o'er the sullen sea,
The crimson flag — the danger flag
In high taut tensi-ty.
How many hours? How many?
How many miles away?
This swollen tide is monstrous
What do the signals say?
"Come home to harbor little ships
Great and strong ones too.
Come down to earth you winged ones
There's danger in the Blue."
The wind is rising, rising now —
Bolt fast the door —
The moaning, beastly snickering whine —
Is now a roar.

Count the
The dark
And all t
Won't wo
Ah, here
The dre
The light
And whi
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Pray the
Against
Pray —
To save
Through
Pray —
To save

Count the candles, trim the lamp
The dark will fall,
And all the vaunted 'power of man'
Won't work at all.
Ah, here it IS — and right on time
The dreaded hurricane!
The lights are out — the lines are down
And whipped across the pane
The sea comes up to meet the sky
In lash of salty rain.
Pray the shuddering wall will hold
Against the darkening stain.
Pray — pray to St. Christopher
To save the ship at sea
Through all the hell of hurricane
Pray — pray to St. Christopher
To save the men at sea!

You Say "Good-by"

You say "good-by"
And still my heart
It does not hear
A farewell bell
Tolling —
But catches at the trailing ends —
Of flowery things
Singing.

You say "good-by"
And there will be
A sea of time
Between us
Rolling,
But on that sea
A ship of memory
sailing.

The Island
Walked with
And Tristram
cloud
Of stretching

Now the v
Swinging
To sand s
Where gh

Spilled Sand

The Island where young Nikanoos
Walked with intoed tread
And Tristram watched the high white
clouds
Of stretching canvas spread —

Now the winged ships race to land
Swinging down the sky
To sand spilled from a moccasin
Where ghostly treasures lie.

Silhouettes

(Nantucket Harbor)

Here in a moonlit harbor
Silhouetted spars
Rock silently and rhythmically
Against the summer stars.

Each mast once knew a woodland root
'Til man desired the sea,
And set the challenge of a sail
Upon a strong young tree.

Silhouetted in the dark
Above the ships that ride
In dreamy quiet anchorage
Along the changing tide.

The pines, the oaks, the tamaracks
Swing slowly at their ease —
Above the furled and folded sails
That raced them through the seas.

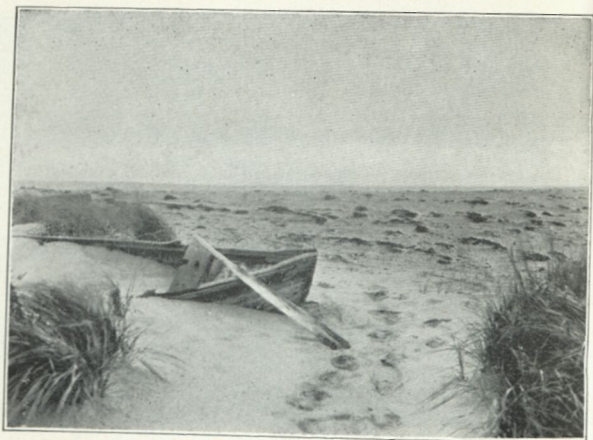


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There's a Small Crooked Path

There's a small crooked path
That winds to the sea
Where crushed shells
Silver the sod
Where a last faded rose
And a last thorny briar
Cling together
Contentedly.
If you walk it alone
Some crystal day
You'll find it
A path to God.

Two Loves Have I

Two loves have I
An Island and the Sky.
Wind, sand, and star —
Are mine —
Changeless and constant
As the tidal years go by.
Gifts of my loves
The opal fired dawn
The wind turned sand —
Sea cradled moon —
And piling cloud.
Oh loves I cannot hold
And may not touch —
Illusive as all beauty is —
Serene — eternal — cold —
Past all tomorrow
When all human love is told —
Beyond all breath — and past all sorrow —
Two loves have I
An Island — and the Sky.

Starry
Banish
Fragile
Your f
Knowl
Is a p
For H
Calms
Then t
He res

Winter Jasmine

Starry fragrance in my room
Banishing the winter's gloom —
Fragile harbinger of Spring
Your fey sweetness can but bring
Knowledge that such loveliness
Is a prayer to heal and bless;
For He who stooped to petal thee,
Calms the winds, and smooths the sea —
Then tiring of His Titan power —
He rests — to make a jasmine flower.

Island Christmas

Above the wide street's cobbled stone,
Swing garlands gay of coloured light.
The trees are trimmed, the candles lit
It is Nantucket's Christmas night.

The holly wreaths are all her own
Gift of the moor's great land.
The crimson berries in the bowl —
Came from her curving sand.

God bless this 'far away' small isle
Whose life by sea is swayed
With 'gold and myrrh and frankincense'
On Christmas night she prayed.

Carols echoed down the lane
Her wreathéd doors swung wide —
And all the joys of 'Peace on Earth'
Rang out across the tide.

You
And
And
Acro

You
And
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Hom

A Gull and a Rose

You're a gull and a rose Nantucket,
And a fair Colonial door
And the wild salt cry of the tempest
Across a lonely moor.

You're a gull and a rose Nantucket
And the song of the Lorelei
That calls the heart of the Islander
Home — to his homeless sea.



A Gull and a Rose

There's a gull and a rose
And a little bird
And the white sea of the sunset
Across a lonely shore

There's a gull and a rose
And the sea of the sunset
That calls the gull to the shore
Home — to his home

There's a gull and a rose
And the sea of the sunset
That calls the gull to the shore
Home — to his home

There's a gull and a rose
And the sea of the sunset
That calls the gull to the shore
Home — to his home



